

LITERARY TABLET.

Vol. IV.]

Hanover, N. H. Wednesday, December 10, 1806.

[No. 3.]

SELECTIONS.

We presume the following account of the death and character of Mr. Pitt, one of the most eminent statesmen any age or country has produced, will be interesting to most of our readers. It is copied from the Christian Observer.—Panoplist.

THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM PITT.

On Thursday, the 24th of Jan. 1806, at half past 4 in the morning, at his house at Putney, died, in his 48th year, the Right Hon. WILLIAM PITT, First Lord of the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer. The life of this distinguished statesman had been despaired of for some days, and his health had materially declined for many weeks antecedent to his dissolution; a journey, which he took to Bath for the sake of the waters, having failed to produce the expected benefit. It was said that he was informed by his physicians of his approaching end, on Tuesday, the 22d January, and that he appeared to receive the intimation, although it was unexpected, with that firmness which was natural to him. We are happy to be able to copy from the newspapers of the 24th of January, the following particulars respecting his last days, which are said to be "from authority."

"Upon being informed by the Bishop of Lincoln of his precarious state, Mr. Pitt instantly expressed himself perfectly resigned to the divine will, and with the utmost composure asked Sir Walter Farquhar, who was present, how long he might have to live.—Mr. Pitt then entered into a conversation of some length, with the bishop of Lincoln upon religious subjects. He repeatedly declared in the strongest terms of humility a sense of his own unworthiness, and a firm reliance upon the mercy of God through the merits of Christ. After this the Bishop of Lincoln prayed by his bed-side for a considerable time, and Mr. Pitt appeared greatly composed by these last duties of religion. Mr. Pitt afterwards proceeded to make some arrangements and requests concerning his own private affairs, and declared that he died in peace with all mankind."

When we advert to the account which was given of the last hours of the late Duke of Bedford, we feel a sensible satisfaction in reflecting that the same philosophical death has not characterized the late prime minister of this country. Mr. Pitt, as well as Mr. Burke, in yielding up their departing spirits, appear to have professed the good old faith of their country. Under what precise circumstances of bodily, or mental debility, any of the expressions ascribed to Mr. Pitt may have

been delivered; and whether some of them may have been spoken merely in the way of assenting to questions, put, according to the forms of our church, in her order for the visitation of the sick, by the respectable prelate, once his tutor, who attended him, we are not particularly informed. It is impossible for us at the present moment not to feel a very deep regret that a regular attendance on the duties of public worship did not constitute a part of the character of this illustrious politician. We mention this circumstance, because we feel it to be our duty to qualify the accounts, which we receive of the Christian end of distinguished personages, by some reference to the general course of their lives, which, undoubtedly, must be allowed to be the least fallible index of human character.

Mr. Pitt has died at a period of his life, in many respects, peculiarly affecting. Having resumed the reins of government, on the ground of the alleged incompetency of the preceding administration, he had proceeded to form a strong coalition on the continent, which was supposed to promise a happy adjustment of the affairs of Europe. He lived however to see this new alliance broken, and Bonaparte still more triumphant than ever over all the armies of the confederates. These calamities deeply affected his mind, and as the public has been assured by Mr. Rose, in parliament, had a great influence on his constitution already broken by the fatigues attendant on his official duties, and by the anxieties inseparable from the weighty cares and responsibilities of government. His political antagonists were preparing to charge upon him the disasters of Europe, and both he and his friends were contemplating the expected conflict in the House of Commons, where he felt prepared to make a firm, and full defence, when he was called by the God, who made him, to "give account of all things done in the body" before a far more awful tribunal.

The friends and the political enemies of Mr. Pitt have united in ascribing to him considerable praise since his decease. Indeed the readiness with which Mr. Fox not long since consented to serve with him in the same cabinet is no small testimony in his favour. It seems now agreed, that Mr. Pitt was a great man, a person of transcendent talents, of high courage, of honest intentions, of much patriotism and public spirit, and of eminent disinterestedness.

"Oh, my country," declared Mr. Rose, were nearly the last words which he uttered. The House of Commons has addressed the king, requesting that Mr. Pitt may be buried with public honours, in the same manner as his father, the Earl of Chatham, and a majority of 258 against 89 passed this vote, under

the impression that a new administration, in which Mr. Fox will bear an eminent part, had been already agreed to by his Majesty. Mr. Pitt is termed in the address "an excellent statesman," and his "loss" is affirmed to be "irreparable;" expressions in which it is obvious that all parties in the House could not acquiesce with any consistency. But the deep and unfeigned sorrow which is generally expressed on this occasion, bears a stronger testimony than any vote can do, to the exalted place which Mr. Pitt held in the public esteem. We are sorry to add, that Mr. Pitt has died considerably in debt, we understand to the extent of 30 or 40,000l. With all, or more than all his father's greatness, he appears to have inherited his contempt for money.

However we may agree that a combination of all the talents of the country may now be essential to its protection, we cannot help considering the loss of Mr. Pitt, at this awful period of our affairs to be an alarming aggravation of our national dangers and calamities. It has occurred at a time, when his acknowledged abilities, firmness and patriotism seemed to be more than ever requisite to the safety and welfare of his country. And we would not omit the opportunity of pressing upon our readers in general, and, did there exist any hope that this hasty sketch would meet their eyes, upon his successors in particular, the various affecting lessons, which the death of this eminent statesman, considered with all its circumstances, is calculated to afford, but which are too obvious to require a distinct specification.

We should have rejoiced had it been in our power to say more respecting the character of Mr. Pitt, in those points which we deem infinitely the most essential. There are, however, some other points, to which it would be unpardonable in us not to advert, and which entitle this great man to the grateful recollection of his country.

(To be continued.)

The following short extracts are taken from President Noth's Sermon, preached before the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America. They discover that sublimity of sentiment, that strength of expression, that oratorical spirit, which distinguish the writings of the eminent Divine, who may, with propriety, be styled the American Saurin, or the modern Lactantius. [Lit. Tab.]

"And now, O my God, what more shall I say? Can the unfeeling heart of man contemplate miseries the most extreme, and not be moved?—From the hill of Zion, beaming with light, and smiling with life, let me direct your view to the vale of darkness, and the shadow of death.

"Yonder are the pagans. Friends of humanity, O that I could describe them to you!—cold, naked, famished, friendless; roaming the desert, burning with revenge, and thirsting for blood.—Yonder are the pagans. Friends of Immanuel, O that I could describe them to you, assembled on the ground of enchantment, practising the delusions of witchcraft, insulting the heavens by the sacrifice of dogs, and paying their impious adorations at the shrines of devils!

From these profane devotions, the hoary warrior retires. His steps totter with age, he reaches the threshold of his hut, and sinks beneath infirmities, on the cold earth, his bed of death. No sympathising friend partakes in his misery, no filial hand is stretched out for his relief. The wife of his youth has forsaken him; his daughters are carried captive; his sons have been slain in battle. Exhausted with sufferings, and weary of life, he turns his eye upon the grave. But the grave to him is dark and silent. Not a whisper of comfort is heard from its caverns, or a beam of light glitters on its gloom. Here the curtain drops, time ceases, eternity begins: Mighty God, how awful is the scene which follows! But I dare not attempt to lift the veil that covers it. A moment since, and this immortal soul was within the reach of prayer: now its destiny is fixed, and just, eternal Sovereign! are thy decisions."

* * * * *

"Can it be that the tender mercies of such an auditory are exhausted? Have you then nothing more to lend to Jesus Christ? Have you no longer any alms to bestow on your suffering brethren, and shall I tell them you have not? Shall I recall the missionaries you have sent them, and extinguish the hopes which your former charities have inspired? Shall I pronounce on the savages their doom, shall I say to the pagan just emerging from the gloom of nature and directing his steps towards the hill of life, *Go back into your forest, cover again your altar with victims, mutter your nightly orisons to the stars, and be satisfied with the vain hope of the country beyond the hills?* Are these the sentiments of Christians; Christians whose hearts have been softened by redeeming love, whose immortal hopes rest on sovereign mercy, and whose unceasing song, through eternal ages, will be, grace, rich grace?"

Apophrophe to the QUEEN of FRANCE.

IT is now sixteen or seventeen years, since I saw the queen of France, then the dauphiness at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere, she just began to move in, glittering like the morning star, full of life and splendor and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what an heart must I have, to contemplate, without emotion, that elevation and that fall!

Little did I dream, when she added titles

of veneration, to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace, concealed in that bosom; little did I dream, that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her, in an age of gallant men, in a nation of men of honor and of cavaliers.

I thought, ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards, to avenge even a look, that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment, and heroic enterprise is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness.

BURKE.

Instability of human grandeur.

The art of man is able to construct monuments far more permanent than the narrow span of his own existence; yet these monuments like himself are perishable and frail; and in the boundless annals of time, his life and his labors must equally be measured as a fleeting moment. Of a simple and solid edifice, it is not easy however, to circumscribe the duration. As the wonders of ancient days, the pyramids attracted the curiosity of the antients! an hundred generations, the leaves of autumn have dropt into the grave; and after the fall of the Pharos and the Ptolemies, the Cæsars and Caliphs, the same pyramids stand erect and unshaken above the floods of the Nile. A complex figure of various and minute parts, is more accessible to injury and decay; and the silent lapse of time is often accelerated by hurricanes and earthquakes, by fires and volcanoes.

GIBBON.

WINTER EVENING.

I like to sit in my study in a winter evening, when the wind blows clear, and the fire burns bright. If I am alone, I sometimes love to muse loosely on a thousand flits of the imagination; to remark the gentle agitations of the flame; to eye the mouse, that listens at his knot hole, and then runs quick across the hearth; or dwell long on the singing of the wood, when the heat drives out the sap. I believe that such reverie softens the heart, while it relaxes the body, for thus the senses are gratified in miniature. In the fire I have the *softest colours, and the sweetest and most various undulations*, and in the gentle music of

the green stick there is melody for fairies. No sense is particularly excited by my silver grey, filken-footed, and crumb-nibbling animal, but perhaps he might teach me a lesson of prudence, not to set out on a journey, till I have inquired the dangers and difficulties of the way. While I am in this state of lonely musing, I sometimes lapse unknowingly into grief; for *my guardians are dead, and my friends are far from me*, my years are hastening away, "and evening with its hollow blast murmurs of pleasures never to return." But this state I do not like to indulge, for sorrow grows by musing: I therefore rouse myself from fears that dishearten, to studies that strengthen or exhilarate me; and when I have lighted a cigar, and put on more wood, I track Park to the banks of the Niger, or I mount the walls of Rome with "Bourbon and revenge," and close the evening with an act from Shakespeare, the best of poets and the wisest of writers.

[*Anthology.*]

THE CLASSIC CLUB.

When Horace, Virgil, Varius, and Mecænas, used to meet to drink wine, after they had crowned their foreheads with roses and myrtles, there was a combination of intellect, devoted to revelry, which must have been very pleasant and interesting. Horace recited his charming odes, and entirely forgot his serious satires and gloomy lectures. Virgil chaunted his melodious poetry, and gave to his versification a grace, a tenderness, and harmony, which must have entranced the accordant minds of his poetical friends. What could be more delightful? Here were friendship, and roses, and wine, and poetry; the loveliness of morals, the luxury of the senses, and the enchantments of fancy. If they wanted pathos and deep sentiment, Varius could pour out the whole force of tragedy; critical taste and ingenuity sparkled from Mecænas; and good conversation and refined feelings directed and dignified the intercourse. The health of the emperor was a favorite toast. Homer, Anacreon, and Sophocles were the topics of talk. Virgil would willingly declare, that if he was not superior to the father of epic poetry, he might at least bear a comparison with him, to whom he need not be ashamed to be inferior. Horace might jovially and honestly confess, that Anacreon could drink more wine, but that he was not a better poet than himself; and the noble Varius, while he secretly congratulated himself on an equality with the Grecian tragedians, could feel no despondency of mind for the accidents of time and the ravages of barbarians, which, by destroying his plays, have lessened the fame of the author, and obscured the reputation of the Roman stage. As for Mecænas, he was a gentleman, a critic, and a scholar. He was contented with quaffing his wine, or, if he thought of "being often in the mouths of men," his vanity was gratified in the pleasant recollection that Virgil and Horace had consecrated to him the greenest wreaths of friendship and poetry.

Ibid.

LITERARY TABLET.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

POPULARITY.

WITH the illiterate a popular character is almost omnipotent. He can make them renounce every opinion, passion, or prejudice, of their own, and think, speak, and act entirely according to his will. He can enable them to believe the most inconsistent and contradictory assertions, or withhold their assent to those, supported by the most conclusive evidence.

Nor does the undue influence of popularity appear only among the vulgar. Among the learned, how few do we find, who, uninfluenced by prejudice in favor of the works of any celebrated character, establish and support opinions of their own. How seldom do we find a man, who does not enlist under the banner, and servilely adopt and maintain the principles, of some acknowledged superior.

The authority of Plato and Aristotle long infused implicit faith in all their dogmas; even among the Romans, "*Plato dixit*" was thought equal to a demonstration. Thus was error established by the authority of a few, and the servility of many; their most absurd propositions were religiously believed, and their ridiculously unmeaning phrases were revered as the dark responses of an oracle.

In the same manner has the celebrity of some of the moderns annexed the idea of infallibility to all their hypotheses, and stamped a mark of importance on their most trifling observations. A Bacon, or a Newton may safely palm upon the world the most palpable absurdities, and a Herschell may successfully claim immortality for discoveries as trifling as a mathematical point in infinite space.

Some deference is certainly due to the opinions of those, who have devoted their whole lives to study; but have we ever found man infallible?—Is it not at least possible, that many of the theories of our most celebrated philosophers may be erroneous?—We laugh at the servility of the disciples of Aristotle in receiving as sacred truth his bare assertion, unsupported by the least shadow of evidence;—we think them shamefully stupid in admitting, as a sufficient explanation of natural phenomena, a circle of hard, unmeaning words. But are not we pursuing the same path? Do not we receive and endeavor to establish doctrines, in support of which we can offer no other reason, than *Bacon or Newton dixit*. And have not our celebrated philosophers, like the old school, frequently deceived themselves by thinking, they have accounted for an effect, when they have only referred it to a cause, of which they can give no account? have they advanced one step towards explaining any phenomenon, when they have told us, it proceeds from a cause, of which we are totally ignorant? When, for instance, we enquire, why iron is hard and compact, and

they tell us, "it is owing to a very great affinity, which the parts possess for each other"—or, "the particles are thus closely united by cohesive or corpuscular attraction," do they more satisfactorily account for it, than Aristotle, when he says "it is owing to certain occult qualities in the substance of the iron." Instead of frankly confessing their ignorance of the cause, by attempting to explain it, they manifest both their ignorance and their vanity. But popularity covers every fault; we reverence even the follies of the great, and like children taught to swear before they know the import of the words, they speak, we use these philosophic terms, without considering, that we are ignorant of their meaning.

Should we not, however, make much greater improvements, if we put less implicit confidence in the correctness of the assertions of our authors?—if we considered them as men, and as such liable to errors?—if we endeavored to acquire knowledge more by experiment, by reasoning, and reflection, than by treasuring up the opinions of our predecessors?

But if we take the liberty of questioning the correctness of the opinions of our authors, let us manifest a becoming deference to their superior years and advantages. While we use the liberty allowed us of freedom of enquiry, let us interrogate with modesty, and a suitable respect for the judgment of our superiors. If we differ from them, we may with due submission give our reasons. We can offer our opinion, and it will be received as our opinion, without swearing to it. Confident assertions seldom convince. Lord Chesterfield says, "When I hear a man swear to the truth of an assertion, which is in itself probable, I am apt to think he lies." What would his lordship think if he should hear us stake our souls' eternal welfare upon the correctness of our ideas in matters merely speculative; or hear us say,

"I'll give up every claim to wit and wisdom, if my opinion be not strictly true."

W.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FLORIO is entitled to our thanks for his "*Lines to Amanda*," and we indulge a hope that he will not suffer his Muse to loiter in idleness.

We discover in NUMA an exuberance of fancy mingled with a degree of sound judgment. We shall be glad to acknowledge his productions whenever he may think proper to "peep through the loopholes of retreat."

W, we hope, will continue to enrich our columns with the effusions of his genius.

The second number of "*The Archer*" has reached us, and will be presented to our readers, in a future Tablet.

Those, to whom this number is sent, will be considered as subscribers for the volume.

DRYDEN.

This great poet, though one of the first harmonizers of our language, was so indifferent a reader, that when he brought his play of *Amphytrion* to the stage, Cibber, who heard him give it the first reading, says, "Though he delivered the plain sense of every period, yet the whole was in so cold, so flat, and unaffected a manner, that I am afraid of not being believed if I should express it."

Emerald Select.

CHINESE LITERATURE.

Mr. Heger at Paris, who lately published a description of the Chinese coins in the French Imperial Cabinet of Medals, is employed in arranging 117,000 Chinese Characters, which have been collected at the Imperial Press, and will afterwards, with the assistance of these characters, publish a Chinese Lexicon.

ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

For the Literary Tablet.

THE ARCHER—No. 1.

MR. EDITOR,

YOUR readers may query, who is the Archer; or what has he to do with a literary paper? He would inform them that he has assumed the bow of morality, and will let fly at the votaries of vice and folly, the shafts of reproof; yet, his arrows shall not be pointed with envy, nor poisoned with malice.

One of the most vulgar, and certainly the most foolish, habits which prevail among us at the present day, is profane swearing.—Seldom can we walk the streets, or sit at our windows, without having our ears stunned, and our feelings shocked with language too awful to repeat; we turn our eyes to see whence it comes, and not unfrequently do we find that it proceeds from a person, from whose looks we might hope for better things, and who, in other respects, has the appearance of a gentleman.

Habits formed in youth are generally lasting as life. What a pity it is that young gentlemen, whose station and abilities capacitate them to move in the higher spheres of society, should cast a slur upon their characters, which time can never erase!

Doubtless many follow it because they suppose it to be fashionable and polite. I will own they are in fashion, but they follow the fashion only of fools and madmen; and the most illiterate clown, nay, the most debased of the footy Africans can swear as politely as they.

It is an old proverb and a true one, that "a man is known by the company he keeps"; so that when we see a person, who is habituated to this infamous practice, we may conclude that his associates are worthless as himself, and ought, and will be despised and shunned, by every moral man, as objects of contempt, dangerous to society, corrupting the morals of youth, transgressing the laws of their country and their God.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

Lines to AMANDA.

AMANDA, why those falling tears,
That glisten on thy glowing cheek?
What secret grief? what cross severe,
Would those translucent couriers speak?

No vain desires can permeate
Thy gentle breast; no passion vile
Could fare that mental storm create,
And rob thy face of beauty's smile.

No, those are tears of sympathy,
For suffering worth and virtue shed;
For these was heav'd the melting sigh;
For these thy heart with pity bled.

O cruel cause, in mischief wise,
That thus could wound Amanda's breast—
That breast where every virtue lies;
Where all the loves and graces rest.

Yet e'en those tears demand our praise,
And heighten beauty's power divine,
As dews, reflecting Sol's bright rays,
The rose adorn, in hour of prime.

And pity's tear by beauty shed,
For sorrow's wounds a balm shall prove;
And gratitude, that pain has fled,
Shall brighten into tenderest love.

FLORIO.

SELECTED POETRY.

From the London Courier.

THE ORPHANS.

My chaife the village Inn did gain,
Just as the setting sun's last ray
Tipt with refulgent gold the vane
Of the old church across the way.

Across the way I silent sped,
The time till supper to beguile
In moralizing o'er the dead,
That mould'ring round the ancient pile.

There many a humble green grave shew'd
Where want and pain and toil did rest;
And many a flatt'ring stone I view'd,
O'er those who once had wealth possess'd.

A faded beach its shadow brown
Threw o'er a grave where sorrow slept:
On which, though scarce with grass o'er grown,
Two ragged children sat and wept.

A piece of bread between them lay,
Which neither seem'd inclin'd to take;
And yet they look'd so much a prey
To want, it made my heart to ache.

My little children, let me know
Why you in such distress appear;
And why you wasteful from you throw
That bread which many a heart would cheer?

The little boy, in accents sweet,
Replied, whilst tears each other chas'd
"Lady, we've not enough to eat,
"And if we had, we would not waste.

"But sister Mary's naughty grown,
"And will not eat what'er I say,
"Though sure I am the bread's her own,
"And she has tasted none to-day."

"Indeed (the wan starv'd MARY said)
"Till HENRY eats I'll eat no more;
"For yesterday I got some bread;
"He's had none since the day before."

My heart did swell, my bosom heave;
I felt as tho' depriv'd of speech—
I silent sat upon the grave,
And press'd a clay-cold hand of each.

With looks that told a tale of woe,
With looks that spoke a grateful heart,
The shiv'ring boy did nearer draw,
And thus their tale of woe impart—

"Before my father went away,
"Entic'd by bad men o'er the sea,
"Sister and I did nought but play—
"We liv'd beside yon great ash tree.

"And then poor mother did so cry,
"And look'd so chang'd, I cannot tell;
"She told us that she soon should die,
"And bade us love each other well.

"She said that when the war is o'er,
"Perhaps we might our father see;
"But if we never saw him more,
"That God our father then would be.

"She kiss'd us both, and then she died,
"And we no more a mother have—
"Here many a day we sat and cried
"Together on poor mother's grave.

"But when our father came not here,
"I thought if we could find the sea,
"We should be sure to meet him there,
"And once again might happy be.

"We hand in hand went many a mile,
"And ask'd our way of all we met,
"And some did sigh, and some did smile,
"And we of some did victuals get.

"But when we reach'd the sea, and found,
"Twas one great water round us spread,
"We thought that father must be drown'd,
"And cried and wish'd us both were dead.

"So we return'd to mother's grave,
"And only long with her to be!
"For Goody, when this bread she gave,
"Said father died beyond the sea.

"Then since no parents have we here,
"We'll go and seek for God around,
"Lady, pray can you tell us where
"That God, our father, may be found!

"He lives in Heaven, mother said,
"And Goody says that mother's there;
"So if she thinks we want his aid,
"I think, perhaps, she'll send him here."

I clasp'd the prattlers to my breast,
And cried, come both and live with me—
I'll clothe ye, feed ye, give ye rest,
And will a second mother be.

And God will be your father still;
"Twas he in mercy sent me here,
To teach you to obey his will,
Your steps to guide, your hearts to cheer.

From *Montgomery's Poems.*

A FIELD FLOWER;

On finding one in full bloom on Christmas Day,
1803.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder Beauties of the field,
In gay but quick succession shine,
Race after race their honors yield,
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run,
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath and golden broom,
On moory mountains catch the gale,
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climes the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round,
It shares the sweet carnation's bed;
And blooms on consecrated ground
In honor of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild-bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue-fly bends its penfile stem,
Light o'er the sky-lark's nest.

'Tis FLORA's page:—In every place,
In every season, fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms every where.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The Rose has but a summer-reign,
The DAISY never dies.

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